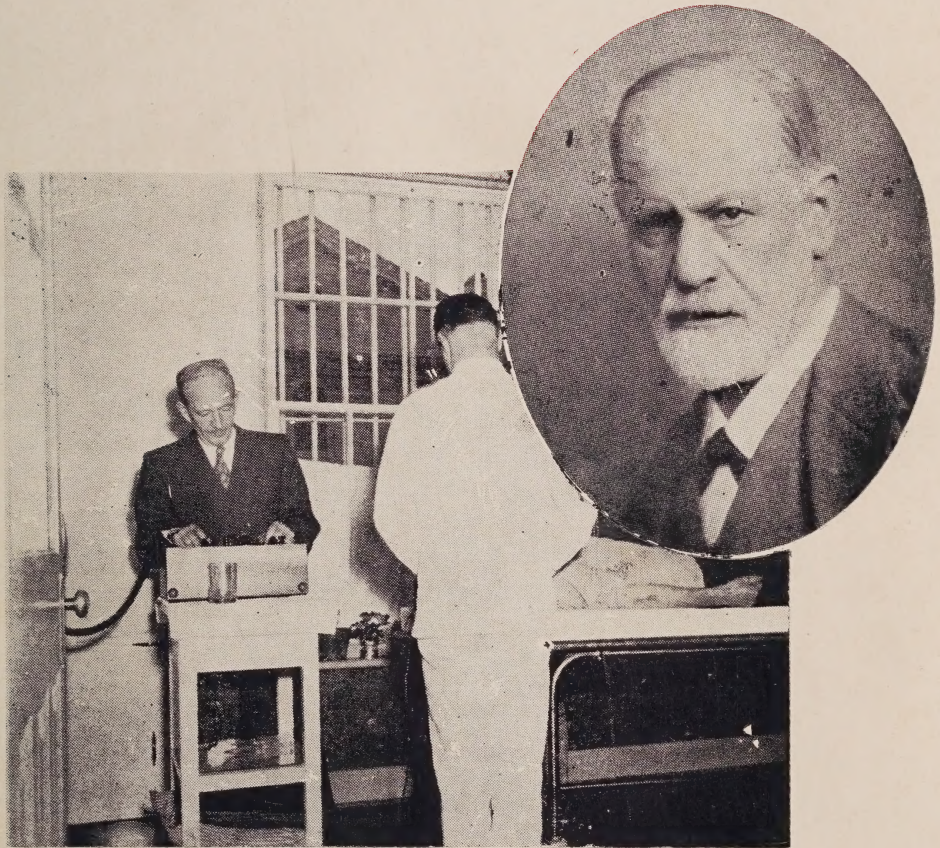


TELESCOPE

NOVEMBER, 1963



From the day of Sigmund Freud (inset) to the present day, understanding of the human animal has progressed in pace with the other sciences. Psychological examinations are now a part of prison routine. Some novel views are presented in "On THE ANALYST'S COUCH" on page 4.

“THE K.P. TELESCOPE IS PUBLISHED TO PROVIDE THE INMATE WITH A MEDIUM OF CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND COMMUNICATION,IN ORDER TO CULTIVATE A BETTER UNDERSTANDING WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD.”

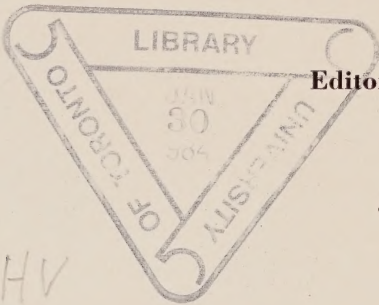
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Editorials

OUR CHILDREN

While the approach to juvenile delinquency in Canada is being viewed in a more enlightened and progressive manner, contemporary authorities in the U.S.A. appear to be regressing. Canadians are tending more and more to the opinion that at least part of the fault lies with the home life rather than making the juvenile offender accept the entire responsibility for his fall from grace.

Judge Obermiller of Whiting, Indiana, has gone on record as being an advocate of public beatings, shaved heads, work on public beaches and compulsory reading of Gibbons' *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* as appropriate punishment for recalcitrant teenagers. This bit of news was not gleaned from a Seville, Spain publication, circa 1485—no, it came from the *Toronto Star*, in July, the year of Oh Lord 1962. To make it worthy of the Spanish Inquisition, Torquemada would have substituted the Bible for Gibbons. Otherwise he and the judge would have seen eye to eye.

The practice of dehumanizing people by beatings and public humiliation went out of style, we supposed, with the pillory, the whipping post and the dunking stool. Have we come the full circle—is history about to repeat itself? Is modern penology and the psychological approach to the problems of erring children to be cast into the discard?

It is a well established fact that brutality begets brutality. Corporal punishment in itself is a crime against humanity. Inflicting it in public only increases the sense of outrage and resentment in the victim.

Has the learned judge ever stopped to think that there must be a cause behind every infraction of the law? The medical profession owes all its advancement to the study of cause and effect. By knowing the cause of diabetes, the doctors, although unable to effect a cure, can through treatment render it harmless. Such an approach to juvenile delinquency would at least increase man's knowledge and would do no harm.

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

The whole world was shocked and grieved on Friday, November 22, by the report that John Fitzgerald Kennedy, President of the United States, had met death at the hands of an assassin. The first reaction was one of disbelief. It couldn't be true. Unfortunately, it was true. As conviction slowly replaced incredulity the whole civilized world subsided into a state of shock. This senseless, brutal crime had ended a life devoted to the principles of freedom and justice for all.

All peoples and all countries stand bowed in sorrow at the passing of a great statesman and humanitarian. The same people join with his family in mourning for John Kennedy, the man, the father and husband.

In a time of international sorrow political boundries cease to exist. The border between Canada and the United States — a nebulous thing at best — became non-existent as all North America became one people in their grief.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

An editorial in the *Toronto Star*, under the title of *Cap In Hand Justice*, begins with the following words: "In Ontario a poor man needing legal aid has to ask for it as a matter of charity. It is not his right."

A man is not eligible for legal aid in Ontario if he has an income in excess of \$1200 for a single man or \$1800 for a married man. This is the condition that exists in Canada, a country in which all citizens are guaranteed equality before the law.

Mr. Justice Edson Haines of the Supreme Court of Ontario has proposed that Canada adopt Britain's system in which legal aid is the citizen's right and not a matter of charity.

When two people are arrested on identical charges, the assumption is that they will be treated equally and justly when they appear before the court. In actual practice however, only the almighty dollar is truly impartial. Whichever one of the accused has access to enough money to pay the fee of a first rate lawyer, will stand the best chance of proving or disproving his case in court.

The Analyst's Couch

J. S. B.

Among the facts produced by criminological surveys, one stands out, startling in its clarity. Its significance is made even more emphatic by the way it has been largely ignored by the very people who would benefit most from its recognition. That fact is the similarity between the national unemployment trends and the crime trends. Charts and graphs have been published at various times, showing the peaks and dips of employment in Canada over a period of years. Similar graphs showing the rise and fall of crime over the same period would look like another picture of the same mountain range.

No argument would be forthcoming were it suggested that seventy-five percent of all crime is conceived in want and spawned in exigency. So far the criminologists would agree. Why then, the hesitancy to recognize the fact that unemployment and crime run hand in hand? Could it be that such recognition would be admitting that the so-called 'enemy of society' is in actuality only a by-product of that same society?

Does the criminologist refuse to admit that the gainfully employed citizen and the imprisoned law-breaker are but two sides of the same coin?

With the individual as with a group of individuals, the knowledge of good is closely associated with an akin to the knowledge of bad. There can be no good unless there is some bad with which to compare it. When both good and bad are present, a struggle for dominance ensues and in most cases a balance is achieved. When bad is dominant it is the bad person who suffers.

Perhaps the fault lies with the law-breaker himself. After all, he is the chief offender and also the one who suffers most for his anti-social behavior. If he is not aware of the reasons for his behavior (and he very definitely is not) it is probably unreasonable to expect a group of specialists, who have nothing in common with the criminal, to come up with an immediate solution to his problem. The answer probably lies in the field of education. The criminologist should make a study of national and inter-national economics

while the criminal should make a study of himself.

A psychological approach would in all probability be best. Only through probing the innermost areas of the human mind is it possible to gain complete understanding. The same approach would serve in the case of society as a whole, since society is, after all, just people.

Analytical psycho-therapy for eighteen million people. The idea is astounding but the possibilities are staggering. The basic principles have been tried and proven through the centuries. War-time propaganda puts whole nations on the analyst's couch. The Jungian principle of opposites would have to be forcibly taught to the entire population by use of the brain-washing techniques of modern advertising. Simple terminology would have to be used until considerable progress had been made.

A complete understanding of Jung's archetypes would be an essential part of the plan. Fortunately, this principle may be explained in the simplest of terms. Freud has been exploited to such an extent in the movies and on TV that nearly everyone is aware of the sub-conscious or unconscious mind. Everyone is aware that he has certain urges, some good, some bad. Honesty is the positive archetype of the honest man. Dishonesty is the negative archetype and is present in the same psyche. Anybody who has raised a child knows something of the instinctive urge. When a baby sees something it wants, it just grabs. Only as the child grows older does the idea of property rights take hold. One doesn't teach a child to steal, the child has to be taught not to steal. A baby operates purely on instinct. It's archetypes are single entities. The negative and positive will develop with the intelligence.

A good example is the soldier. The positive archetype of the soldier is courage. The negative, of course, is

cowardice. Every soldier who has been in battle is aware of the conflict between these two archetypes at a crucial moment. They each struggle for dominance and one or the other emerges at the victor or a balance is achieved. So it is with the archetypes of honesty and dishonesty. Every man carries within himself the seeds of his own destruction.

Some understanding of Jung's concept of the collective unconscious as distinguished from the personal unconscious would also be necessary. In the collective unconscious lies the primeval instinct of all mankind. Dormant but by no means dead. Hidden in the same depths are modern man's repressions and parts of his life that he has been afraid to live. An example is the man who was taught that sex was evil. All his life he has suppressed and repressed his sex desires until finally they take refuge in his collective unconscious. As a part of his collective unconscious those repressed desires are passed on to his son who makes no attempt at suppression. The son goes to jail as a sex criminal and is disowned by the father. Which is the real guilty party, father or son? Had the father allowed himself free and normal expression to his sex urges there would have been no repressions to pass on to his son.

The personal unconscious is a more familiar part of the psyche. During childhood everybody has desires and urges that are forgotten or pushed to the back of the mind. The mature man is able to recall this childhood nonsense at will. He just grew out of it. Still these childhood urges remain just below the surface, in the personal unconscious, and may do considerable good or harm unless they are understood and so controlled.

Such a study carried out on a mass scale would force all society to the realization that the law-breaker is still a member of the tribe. A little groom-

ing and some attention to his table manners would make him indistinguishable from the other members. Before the criminal can be rehabilitated his more social minded brother must be taught that *he* is his brother's keeper.

Similar studies among convicted law-breakers should produce excellent results. He (the prisoner) does not like being in prison. A study of himself should be interesting and if it will keep him out of jail—where is the objection?

Analytic psycho-therapy conducted by specialists would be an ideal solution to the problem but it simply could not be done. In Kingston alone, with a constant population of over eight hundred men and about one hundred women, such a treatment program would require at least two hundred trained psychiatrists. But psychological studies made available to all inmates would require only a staff of three or four qualified professors of psychology. Once a man had learned the principles of studying human mental behavior, it would be impossible to prevent him from studying and getting to know himself. Once that happy state were achieved, both by society as a whole and by the individual law-breaker, some harmonious arrangement would have to be arrived at. People who un-

derstand each other are not likely to continue hurting each other.

By the time such an understanding had been reached, the criminologists would have completed their study of economics and the comparison of crime and unemployment trends. Conclusions drawn from the study would of necessity be, that full employment reduces crime. Working from that premise they would have to approach the government with a workable plan. Industrial expansion, development of the north, massive vocational training programs and equal education opportunities for all income levels. Reduction of all imports that complete unfairly with Canadian products and a government decision to ignore all ideological differences when seeking markets for Canadian products. Once full employment were achieved and reflected in a lower crime rate, full attention could be focused on the remaining various types of law-breakers. Having disposed of the criminals by economic reason first, the balance of the field is small enough to handle comfortably. The sex criminal would in some cases respond to psycho-therapy. The professional criminal—an unknown quantity. And last, there is the rebel, the non-conformist who just wants to be different. A hopeless case but a very small minority.

CENSUS (PAST THIRTY DAYS)			
Discharged	28	Received during month	92
Escaped	0	Transferred during month	110
Unconditional Release	0	Died	0
Paroled	0	Total remaining	848

OUR TRAPS

By 9389

When one sits down and commences to pass the time with the almost lost art of conversation, many realisms and truths come to light. Recently, while speaking with a fellow associate, he made a remark that contained much in the way of truth. This simple statement was as follows:

"By my parents sparing the strap, they aided a beat generation."

As a child, one may have encountered a similar set of circumstances. If parents had taken the time to realize that children want to be told, that they want to be shown, at an early age, much would have been accomplished in alleviating our so-called delinquency problem of today. It takes years of telling to untangle one faulty showing. As a result, our institutions are now filled to capacity.

Should the parents of today take time from their numerous pleasures, to analyze their activities and the effects that they may be having on the younger generation, a more subdued and less neurotic type of adolescent could develop. This social correction should be brought to pass during our generation. There is still hope for a well balanced society in the immediate future.

It is not the contention of this writer, that lawlessness would be abolished by this practice, but that it would be

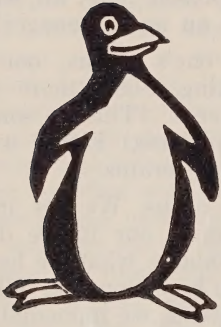
considerably reduced within the teenage ranks, and therefore reflected in the more mature person. After all, what is the other than an aged teenager?

Regardless of one's status, one is capable of thinking. Some more coherently than others. (This is sometimes known as plotting) Either way, people do use their brains.

Take any one of us. We are in a position to determine our future destiny. We must evaluate what we have, then set a goal to be conquered. When we reach this plateau, we immediately set another and continue in this pattern. Should one's aims be properly directed there is no limit to the things that may be achieved. The task will not be an easy one. Considerable sweat and effort will be necessary, but it can be done. Time and consideration however, must be directed to one's home and family as a major part in obtaining one's goal.

Because someone spared the rod once, and forgot to take the time to show the difference between right and wrong, is no reason why we should not readjust now.

The time one has spent being told of his wrongs should by now have them fitted into their proper perspectives. It remains our duty now to see that our children and our grand-children, do not fall into the traps of our time.



And the heat was CRIMINAL

Neil Hicks

HAVE YOU THOUGHT LATELY about killing your mother-in-law? Do you frequently (or ever, even for a moment) indulge in whimsical, Walter-Mitty reveries that involve doing the old girl in? Perhaps you have even gone so far as to consider the methodology of murder or mayhem, the ideal situation and the propitious moment. Well,

lots of people do, so you're not unique. And, although thoughts may sire valiant deeds in men of action, most of us get queazy when the chips are down, unless.....

When, and under what circumstances do you have these—these meditations? Is there any noticeable pattern? Do you perhaps feel mean when the moon



is full? How do wind and sun effect you? Don't laugh; astrological-minded criminologists may even now be probing to find what strange influences are brought to bear on the mind of man when, for example, Sirius the Dog Star rises in our July heavens.

Down through the ages men of science have sought to discover a pattern in crime—something to hang a homburg on, as we say in criminophilosophical circles. They figure there has to be some connection between crime and physiology, crime and psychology, crime and natural phenomena or maybe even crime and the occult. They are determined, at whatever cost, to find that connection, though each tends to feel only the part of the elephant which supports his particular theory of the moment.

"The history of the movement of crime," Encyclopedia Britanica reports, "discloses anomolies that are impossible to explain; the lines of particular of-

fenses do not follow gentle curves up—which is so often the case with inexact as the years go by....some of the fluctuations seem to defy explanation. During the last five years there has been a dramatic rise in homicides all over the Malay Peninsula, generally unconnected with Dacoity or robbery, but rather as the result of sudden passion. After the Napoleonic wars there was a striking increase of crime in England and during the World War this was quoted to prepare the world for a similar phenomenon after the Peace; but there was no increase in crimes of violence; rather the contrary."

No single authority has yet managed to present, to the satisfaction of others in his field, any workable yardstick for measuring and perhaps understanding crime. From Lombroso, who dealt in head shapes, through Havelock Ellis and sex psychology, to the more modern E.H. Southerland, dedicated men have continued to reason in circles. One

man's theory, which he "proves" up to a point simply negates that of another, ward or downward, but are subject to sudden leaps with corresponding falls science. Theories are continually discredited and discarded, only to be picked up again generations later for another wave of popularity. Not long ago the eminent Gluek team astounded everyone by a positive interpretation of their findings during an extensive study of criminals in relation to body types. The theory is that so called "heavies" actually are—that our age-old stereotype of the hulking thug may not be so far off after all.

Studying "gross bodily measurements" of 500 delinquents against a 500 non-delinquent control group, the Glueks found a "significant excess" in the delinquents' neck, shoulder and chest breadth. The delinquents' arms were heavier and their waists were thicker than those of the non-delinquents; but their faces and hips were narrower and their legs smaller. This mesomorphic "growth spurt," say the Glueks in their book, *Delinquents In The Making*, occurs during the fourteenth year and "may well signify some fundamental physiologic - endocrinologic difference between the two (delinquent and non-delinquent) which are perhaps related to energy output."

Did this eight-year scientific study show that strong, healthy kids are more adventuresome than others and therefore more inclined to flout authority? Is it science for science's sake, or is there a practical application here? If legal authorities were to accept the Glueks' findings at face value—disregarding the possibility of obscure variants being responsible for the differences found—we could expect legislation against athletically spurting fourteen-year-olds. Police constables would be particularly surveillant for signs of spurting in highschool gyms and YMCA locker rooms.

Some five years after the Glueks study, Dr. Curran, a Boston criminologist, presented a different view on criminality. Its causes are physio-endocrinological in nature, he agreed, but triggered by meteorological conditions. Professor Hans Von Hentig earlier had hypothesized a connection between bad weather, depressed emotions and criminal acts, but Dr. Curran went further.

It's the direction of the wind, says Dr. Curran. "Northwinds" turn criminal when the north wind blows "Southwinds" are similarly affected when the wind is from the south. The reason for this is that the northwinder can't stand much ozone without going violent and north winds are heavy with the stuff. Conversely, the southwinder is forever ozone hungry. He needs it to stay calm. He can't contain himself when the wind blows from the south, for south winds are ozone poor.

Physiological attributes of the southwinder are large, wide-spaced eyes, a broad nose with flaring nostrils—the better for inhaling ozone—and a ruddy complexion. He prefers light clothes. The northwinder's nose, as you might expect, is narrow with small nostrils to keep the ozone out. His eyes are small too, and close together. His complexion is pale.

Both north—and southwinds, it would seem, might easily be rehabilitated by transportation to geographical regions where prevailing winds are from the appropriate direction. They could be rounded up and sentenced by season of physical characteristics—nose shapes and so on—to society's advantage.

The most recent crime-cause conjecture—again meteorological, but more along the lines of Von Hentig—was advanced by our own Toronto Metropolitan Police in July of this year. It is the heat-and-humidity theory, arrived at as a result of the widespread, wacky crime-rate rise that coincided with the 1963 heat wave.

"POLICE BLAME HEAT FOR ASSAULT RASH" headlined the *Toronto Star*. The mercury plus whatever it is that measures humidity were both at a record high over a prolonged period. Lawns in the suburbs were scorched to an unflattering burnt umber and asphalt melted on the Queen Elizabeth Highway. But it was worse in the city



where citizens sweltered in a jungle of stone, steel and concrete that seemed especially designed to attract and hold the unrelenting rays of a relentless sun. And crime raged.

Three youths, for no apparent reason, assaulted a pair of elderly restaurant proprietors on Toronto's Dupont Street. A gang of seven dragged a man up a lane, where they beat him and robbed him of thirty dollars. A policeman, attempting to settle a domestic dispute in a house on Weston Road had a door slammed on his hand.

"It's the heat," a perspiring police official announced.

Next day a little old, gray-haired lady successfully robbed a downtown branch of the Royal Bank of Canada. That she suffered from the heat was evident in her voice and manner.

Many people took unusual measures against the heat and were roundly criticized for it. Young women wore shorter short-shorts to the consternation of older women. A lady danced nude on Campbell park baseball diamond until a red-faced motorcycle policeman caught her with a blanket. Highschool girls played chase-me games in their lingerie through the shrubbery of Scarborough Park. At least one minister joined a nudist colony and scandalized his more sensitive parishioners.

Oddly enough, or perhaps not so oddly, these capers took place during the "dog days"—those twenty days immediately preceding and the twenty following the annual rising of Sirius in the constellation of Canis Major, July 3 through August 11. Since such undignified out breaks of crime and frivolity seldom occur in winter, it may be that the Metro Police theory deserves more research. Perhaps a few qualified astrologers and meteorologists could be added to the force in an advisory capacity and patrol men might carry thermometers for checking likely suspects. At least until the next crime-cause theory comes along, the whims of Ra, supreme among gods, should not be taken lightly. Too, there are sun spots to be considered and maybe even sun dogs. It's a serious situation, and when faced with the evidence one can't help but feel that Kipling was onto something hot when he averred that:

In Rangoon at noon
They beat a drum.
But mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the noonday sun!

Man's inhumanity to man is but his exploitation of himself.
Philip Wylie



EVALUATION

from *Criminology* & *Penology*

Korn and McCorkle

The problem of determining what values and goals to strive for in correction is closely related to the problem of defining objectives concretely. Unless goals are spelled out specifically, we cannot know what objectives we are actually pursuing; unless our activities are related to carefully chosen goals, we are doing little more than improvising without direction and control.

The possibility of finding a truly objective way of selecting or "verifying" values has long been debated by philosophers. The problem is acute in criminology and penology, where the choice of objectives has more than purely philosophical implications. Most civilized societies today believe that it is better to treat than to punish, better to deter than to avenge. But is there any scientific way of verifying these positions? Or are they merely matters of faith and opinion?

One approach to this problem is to make an objective decision concerning

a value of making that value a contingent member of a hierarchy of values and then demonstrating factually that the application of the first value will lead to certain verifiable events. We say: If this is done, this desirable (or undesirable) event will happen. It would appear, then, that the scientific selection of a value requires two steps: the linking of a value to other values and, secondly, the determination of specific consequences. Without both of these requirements, a scientific determination is impossible.

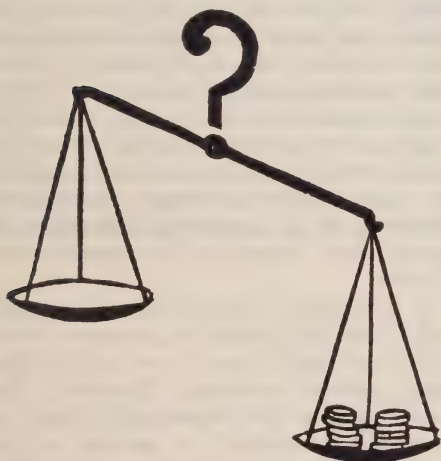
Now consider the question: Should criminals be punished or rehabilitated?

Our first task is to relate this value question to other values. Any one of a number of universally accepted objectives will suffice. We might select the following: It is desirable that all men live cooperatively and harmoniously together so that they will fulfill their needs without preventing others from fulfilling theirs. In order to reach this objective, it is necessary that of-

fenders be motivated to accept the values of their fellow-men. To do this they must be re-educated or, to use a more common term, *rehabilitated*.

Before we go further, we must discover what we mean by rehabilitation. What are the activities to which we can point and say: "When these occur, that which we call rehabilitation is taking place; when these do not occur, there is no rehabilitation."

This, it will be recalled, was the problem posed by the decision of the Iowa Supreme Court judges cited earlier. In effect, the judges were saying: We assume that no punishment is taking place because it is clear and stated intention of the law that the child be educated and not punished.



How specifically and objectively, then, can we define the term that has become a byword for ambiguity and wind-bagging in the field of correction?

1. Rehabilitation is first, an *intention* in the minds of those attempting to achieve it. It is a *motive*, a desire to attain certain objectives, which may be defined both in positive terms, as the resumption of acceptable social living, and in equally valid negative terms, as the refraining from illegal behavior.

2. Rehabilitation is also a pattern of activities engaged in by the correctional agent. In this sense of the term, rehabilitation *consists of things done to the offender*.

3. Rehabilitation, finally is a *change in condition within the offender*, as manifested by his concrete and specific behavior and by his relations with others. It is what he feels, what he says, and, most important, *what he does* in the incidents of his subsequent daily life. In short, it is what follows the correctional activities.

A complete description of *rehabilitation* requires specific coverage of all of these aspects of the total process; omission of any one of them makes the use of the term unwarranted as a description of a purposeful and deliberate correctional activity. This will be evident in the following illustrations.

1. *Inmate A* served a long sentence in a chain gang under conditions everywhere denounced as barbarous. Subsequent to his release, however, he settled down. For the past ten years he has been productively employed and has not again offended.

2. *Inmate B* spent several months in modern reformatory. The intentions of the staff were entirely oriented toward his reformation, and he participated cooperatively in the intensive activity program directed to that end. All diagnostic reports being favorable, he was released. Within a few days he was involved in a series of grave crimes.

3. *Inmate C* spent the same amount of time in the same reformatory, participated in the same program, received favorable reports, was released, and has not again offended.

4. *Inmate D* underwent the same activities for a similar period of time at the same reformatory. He participated unwillingly and minimally in the activity program and received unfavorable reports. Held until the completion of his sentence, he was released and has not again offended.

5. *Inmate E* was in constant difficulty in the same reformatory. Within five months it was found necessary to transfer him to the state's adult maximum-security institution as an "incurable." At the prison he shortly became involved in a series of disciplinary infractions and was removed to the prison's segregation wing, where he lived under markedly rigorous conditions. After a period of several months he was released to the general prison population and again violated prison rules within a short time, he was returned to the segregation wing, where he served out the remainder of his sentence. Since his release three years ago he married, held a steady job, and has not again offended.

6. *Inmate F* at the same prison was quartered in the institution's "Honor Wing" during most of his sentence. His excellent disciplinary record and willing cooperation with officials earned him a job involving trust and responsibility, and he was given the most "minimum" security classification. Recommended for an early parole, he was released and shortly thereafter committed a serious crime.

In the illustrations cited above, *Inmates B* and *F* were "correctional failures." In which of the other four cases did "rehabilitation" occur?

Viewed exclusively in terms of results, all four of these prisoners might be said to have been "rehabilitated." Unfortunately, we cannot tell whether their subsequent good behavior was because of their prison treatment, in spite of it, or largely irrelevant of it. Each of the institutions would probably claim these successes as vindications of their good penological intentions. But their activities in pursuit of these intentions surely varied—from the brutalities of the chain gang to the considerate treatment of the reformatory. One of the successes received highly unfavorable reports at the reformatory, and his subsequent good behavior could scar-

cely have been predicted. On the other hand, one of the two failures received good reports, and his poor behavior was not anticipated. Yet he underwent similar reformatory activities and appeared to respond favorably.

These instances—which could be multiplied indefinitely—demonstrate the difficulties that arise when vaguely defined values are defended by the results achieved in isolated cases.

GOALS TRANSLATED INTO ACHIEVEMENTS

Certain methodological conclusions emerge from a consideration of these illustrations:

1. Findings based on a few or on isolated cases are valueless for the evaluation of any project in criminology. In view of the large number of books and articles claiming success for this or that project or point of view, this caution is highly necessary. However impressive the results achieved with a few or with small numbers of cases, one cannot exclude the possibility that the same success might have occurred in the absence of treatment or even under diametrically opposite conditions.

2. Objective evaluation is possible only through the use of *groups* of subjects that have in one way or another been validly equated. Moreover, the conditions of the experiment must be carefully controlled to assure, so far as possible, the exclusion of factors unanticipated by the researchers.

3. Finally, the standards of success and failures must be objective and behavioral, and formulated with sufficient clarity to avoid ambiguous interpretation. In the end, the result must be boiled down to certain things the subjects either *do* or *do not do* following the experiment and after given periods of exposure to the stresses of ordinary life.

The twin goals of the criminologist and penologist—the gaining of reliable knowledge and the translation of cor-

rectional goals into achievements—presuppose a situation in which the scholar is given sufficient scope of observation and experimentation. To the extent that this scope is lacking, its attainment becomes a prerequisite for the achievement of any other objective. At present the scope is limited by certain intrinsic and historical conditions.

In contrast to other social scientists, the criminologist is confronted with a number of conditions that enforce a peculiar, almost unbridgeable remoteness from his field of study. Secrecy and immunity from observation are virtual requirements of criminal behavior; the criminal becomes available to observation only after he is caught. Even at this point the criminologists access to him is severely restricted. The treatment of criminals has always been a matter of predetermined state policy. Until very recent times, those enforcing penal policies have neither sought nor welcomed observation by outsiders, have traditionally resisted their recommendations, and have attempted to prevent their interference. As a result,

the criminologist, as a specialist in the treatment of criminals, has been in a position similar to that of a doctor who cannot even locate his patients until they reach the hospital—only then to be denied access to the wards.

The inevitable effect of this enforced remoteness has been to deny criminological theory its vital contact with the phenomena of crime and penal treatment. As a result, criminologists have generally been more concerned with theories than with the relation of theory to specific problems as they arise in a naturalistic setting. Since they were not formulated with reference to specific problems, these theories have tended to be unproductive of solutions. This condition has led to a marked divergence between the criminologist's role as an objective scientist and his role as a penal reformer. In making their historic contributions to the reform of barbarous penal methods, criminologists have been forced to rely more on appeals to sentiment than to empirical evidence. They have had to learn the art of extracting a maximum of persuasion from a minimum of data.

TO THE READER

Are you receiving your TELESCOPE regularly? Is your name and address listed properly? How do you think we could improve the magazine? Would some of your friends be interested in receiving a complimentary copy, or in subscribing, perhaps?

We would like to hear from you.

Sincerely,
The Eds.

"J U S T I C E"

A woman counts tears of loneliness
From aches within her heart,
She sits and counts her memories
Since her "love" was torn apart,
She counts the seconds and minutes
That soon fade into years,
Is it any wonder that
She's melted into tears?
"Justice" is a ruptured void
That hurts those not involved,
They put your man away so long
But are there problems solved?
Yes too....there are the children
Who sometimes hum a song
But then....you'll often hear them say
"Mom" where's my Daddy gone?
Oh! how can a Mother answer
For one they trusted so?
And yet they keep on saying
"Mom" where'd my Daddy go?
Then too.....
There is the man,
"Time" eats away inside
What does "Justice" leave him?
When they take away his "Pride".
They shatter all his hopes
For a future good and clean
And when the "Gates" do open
Where does a poor man lean?
Let's hope then that the future
Will play a better part
To help the many tortured souls
Find the "hope" that's in my heart....

— ANON

Four

DISCIPLINE

Dear Heart, my love is like
The gentlest wave
And when by death encompassed
It will still behave.

LI.

HOME IS THE HARPIST

Lilacs, still, in scornful vigor
March the lane from gate to mill;
The grey house keeps its foothold,
Clutching close the purple hill;
Screeching night things hold a sabbat
In each wearing, hollow sill.
One bereaved and eerie pigeon,
Perched above the doorway, grieves
That once in sheltered happiness
She nested in the eaves;
Now she cries her plaintive saga
To the whispering, silver leaves
Of the willow by the old weir,
White and tall, where I could swear
Footsteps swing along the pathway
Dimly; thin as April air;
Once we read strange runes, remember,
To the nymphs imprisoned there?
Whispering willow, white and silver;
Listening house upon the slope;
Lilacs—conscious of an old pain:
Pain I can no longer cope;
Older than the hamadriads;
Older, far, than prayer or hope.
With your gnarled roots for a pillow;
Millrace waters on my face;
Softly, softly, willow, willow;
Cradle me in your embrace.

—ELOISE JOHNSTON.

poems

WILLOWS AND WHISPERING WHITE LILACS

Now is the time when white nothing is in me;
Foundation white-anted, the structure gave way
And our little white house, the lovely house we
Erected on our street, lay flattened today.
The willows' soft whispering, O sad is the sight,
A little house falling when lilacs are white.

—ALLENE MIZE



Prisoners Pencils and Presses

Reprint from SHADOWS

In the beginning there was the inmate body. And emotions and sentiments were in that inmate body. Prisoners, both men and women, went to their tasks and returned. And in the hearts and the minds of many of them, thoughts and ideas abounded. But talents were stemmed in those days, for in the institutions throughout America, no inmate words were printed in a prison press publication anywhere.

Then came 1883 and *The Summary*. That newspaper, still published today, began as a four-page weekly inside an upstate reform school—Elmira, New York. With it there blossomed, then spread like wildfire, a network of glossy magazines and pulpy newsletters. And each one had for an object a worthy cause. It dedicated itself to a proposition that *every* person serving time should have for his own a medium for self-expression.

Things went well for a while. The prisoners wrote and their editors shaped up the copy. And in each issue there appeared many items: Stories of love,

of adventure, of heartache; philosophies, witticisms, maxims, and humor galore. Sociologists and jurists studied the words of the writers, and penologists acquired a better understanding of the patterns of criminal thought. Families rejoiced when they saw the works of the authors, for those families knew that their husbands and wives were indeed showing signs of better things to come. And down inside the inmate penman there grew a little more self-respect, an inkling of pride, a feeling of joy—because each one was knowing, however briefly, the beauty of outright creation.

Today, in 1963, those publication are not the same. They are printed, for sure—weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies. They appear 'on stand'—glossy, slick, and refined. But of the 250,000 men and women in federal and state institutions, less than two percent have ever seen their writings in print. And this is no fault of administrative censorship. The official blue pencil has been unjustly accused. For in no prison, except in a few rare instances, will

any official deny a piece of sincere and constructive writing.

The journalistic affliction, then, lies elsewhere. And here is a candid opinion about that penal illness: It is deep in the minds of numerous inmate editors.

To most of the prison editorial offices across the land there have come small cliques of men with self-interests and egocentric ideas. And these men write: "We are the best on the Penal Exchange," and "Sure, we are the Number one slick." They squabble and bicker and write hieroglyphics, ranging from long, pointless I-type editorials to the realm of shady abstractions. They criticize blindly but seldom rebuild from the chaos. They strive for gloss but polish away much of that meager two percent. And out of the turmoil the *true* meaning of 'by and for the inmates' has become for them another thing: They have adopted a belief that prison publications should be written *for* the inmate instead of *by* him.

In our world today, an inmate publication can be a valuable instrument. Our technology has advanced but our institutions remain far behind. To see this in better perspective, we need only consider that nothing is modern about a prison wall a hundred years old. Specialists need an abundance of inmate material—to study, to relate, and to help them get to the bottom of penal problems where fundamental thoughts patterns play games in criminal minds. But sweeping cross section of prisoner thought is not forthcoming when inmate editors write most of an issue. And those men and women who make up the inmate body—the opportunity to measure their own abilities has been denied them.

"But what," an editor may ask, "can I do? Most of the items sent in are trash. How can I fill an issue unless I write it myself?"

What must the inmate editor do?..

First, a prison editor of *any* magazine or newspaper must open his mind, must understand that his assignment is far from a glamorous one, must know that he has a duty to perform, a duty that places upon him a very important responsibility, a responsibility to the particular inmate body—as well as to readers beyond his walls. He must put Self aside, to a reasonable extent, and dedicate his time to salvaging material in lieu of rejecting it.

Second, an editor has to be willing to work long hours on the writings of others. He must consider each item a contributor submits, and, if that item makes sense and meets certain standards of human decency, he must publish it. But an editor must know that flash and polish alone *do not* make a prison publication. Between their covers, our magazines and newspapers must retain and reflect at all times the underlying originality of many inmate writers.

And third, an inmate editor must realize that, no matter how insignificant an item may seem, it will shine additional light on an over-all prison picture. And that picture, once it is pasted into a montage of the entire penal press, will greatly enlighten intelligent readers and help the public to better understand the world in which we live.

Here, then, is the answer to "What must the inmate editor do?" And in this answer there are basic principles which he must follow. If to the very best of his ability he follows these principles, he has done a fine and constructive thing for the inmate body, the penal press, and the world beyond. If, however, he chooses to join those small cliques of men with self-interests and egocentric ideas, he is a cheat and a fraud and should have no part in the affairs of that very important though largely unknown journalistic field, the penal press.

PRISMS

COPS' CASH COPPED

Police in Zurich, Switzerland, are mighty embarrassed these days. They're having a hard time explaining a recent robbery—when thieves took the weekly police payroll of \$20,500. They apparently walked into an unlocked police office, cracked a safe, and made their get-away without leaving any clues.

Joyceville Journal

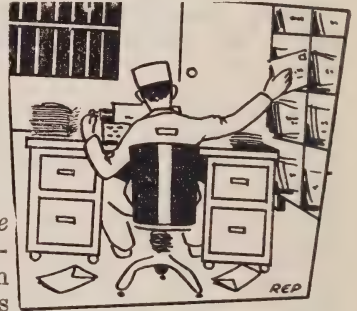
REMISSION FOR PRISON AUTHORS . . .

Prisoners of the Nevada State Penitentiary can earn extra remission by contributing articles to their prison magazine.

Stockade, Australia

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?

Parchman, Miss. — The January issue of the *Inside World*, the penitentiary monthly magazine was delayed. Editor Robert Passons, who is serving a ten year robbery term failed to return from a Christmas leave.



WAS THE FORTUNE TELLER FOOLING?

Keokuk, Ia. — A 23-year-old man from this city was sentenced to one year in the Men's Reformatory at Anamosa after pleading guilty to assault with intent to do bodily harm. He was arrested when he went to a carnival south of Victory Park armed with a shotgun. The Carnival operator and several by-standers disarmed him after a struggle.

The man told police he took the gun to force a fortune teller to return a dollar to him.

Presidio

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

Stratford On Avon, England — (AP) A 35-year-old prisoner won the all-clear today to seek election to John Profumo's seat in Parliament:

Herbert Stratton, prisoner No. 1839 in Her Majesty's jail at Hull, announced his candidacy in a letter to Stratford town clerk Douglas Balmford.

Balmford consulted his law books and announced:

"Anyone is entitled to ask for nomination papers. But before Stratton can become a candidate he will need a proposer, a seconder, eight other sponsors—and \$450 deposit."

British law bars lords, lunatics, Church of England parsons and convicted felons from standing for Commons.

Stratton, however, is serving 18 months for malicious damage to a car and the offense ranks only as a misdemeanor.

DIRTY THIEF

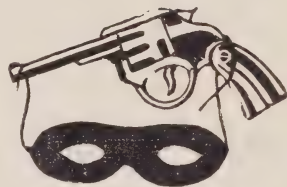
De Moines, Ia.—A dirty burglar who entered the home of George Romanelli made a clean getaway.

The burglar took a bath in Romanelli's home and also took four pairs of men's shorts and eight pairs of trousers. He left behind his dirty clothes . . . and a dirty ring in the tub.

Lakeshore Outlook

London — A garage attendant reported to police that two over-anxious gunmen panicked during a robbery and fled with the adding machine instead of the cash register.

Hilltop News



BLACK GOLD BEHIND BARS

Cowansville, Que. — (CP) — Federal government engineers have discovered deposits of oil and gas in the subsoil at the site of a medium security penitentiary to be built here.

Engineers reported they had taken samples of oil and gas from the region.

Dr. N.R. Gadd of the Canadian Geological Research Service said the deposits discovered do not appear to be large enough to be commercially valuable.

SNOOZE NOT BOOZE FOR LAWMEN

McKee, Ky. (AP) — When Alcoholic Beverages Control Agent Claude Williams, Jr, and Jackson County Sheriff George Felty returned from hunting for moonshiners, they decided to rest for a few hours and then go out again.

They climbed into two bunks in an empty cell at the county jail. When they awoke, they couldn't get out. The cell door had pulled to and locked behind them.

A deputy sheriff let them out after he drove by the jail and noticed his boss shouting from the window.

AROUND
THE OFFICE

Lloyd Gibson

Having always been partial to the opposite sex it was not hard for me to agree with certain statements that I read in a current issue of a national magazine by Taylor Caldwell. A staunch exponent of rights and liberties denied her sex, Miss Caldwell's (she is actually a married woman,

Taylor Caldwell being a pen-name) sharp attack forced me to meditate deeply on the cause for which she is fighting. After much thumb twiddling I felt the only way to resolve my conflict of emotion was to hold a personal survey amongst a group of fellow habitues, all of whom will unblushingly

admit to being expert on matters feminine. Following are the results of said survey:

On opening the door to the editorial office of this magazine, *Telescope*, I casually strolled to the one vacant chair, sat down and digested for a moment the portentous countenances of its three editors as they perused reams of copy. My position is hardly above that of a lacky and none of them so much as glanced up. Feeling merciless and anxious to get started, I ignited the only detonator that would arouse them by strolling to our one and only window, which, more by accident than design, overlooks a small inlet of Lake Ontario, and is frequently employed as a haven for small pleasure craft.

I asked, "Hey, fellows, who's the torrid chick that anchors her forty-footer in our bay?"

The reaction was dynamic and immediate, and, once the stampede receded, I added, "She's not around now. I haven't seen her in over a week and was just wondering who she might be."

"Nice going," said John, "here I was almost asleep and you got me up for absolutely nothing."

With a contemptuous snort he waddled back to his chair. A very apt verb if you once saw John. I waited for J.J. to return to his desk and for Jack (no relation to John) to get behind his before I started.

"I want authoritative opinions on a certain subject pertaining to the female gender and I feel that among the three of you I have possibly the greatest source of information this side of Tommy Manville. Being serious though fellows, what do you think of women in politics?"

Jack replied immediately. "Wonderful profession. Look what it did for a couple of women in England—made them rich!"

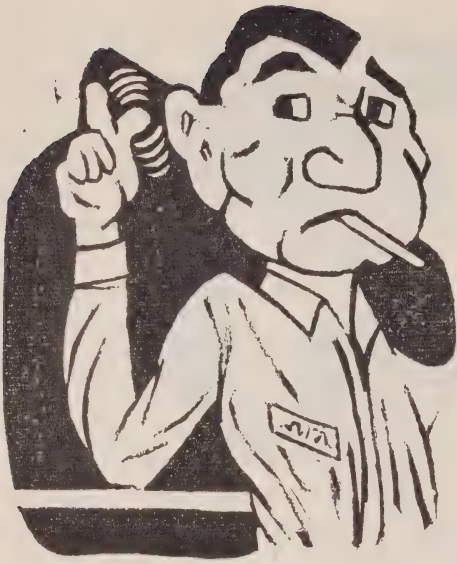
"That's not what I intended to infer, Jack. What I want to know is, do you think women are qualified to attain a high political position on their own merits, and if so do you think that scholastic achievement alone is sufficient qualification for a position where public welfare is so important an issue?"

J.J. answered this after careful meditation. "No, I don't believe women have that essential ingredient called common sense. They are creatures of emotion and they become primitive when angry. And that as you well know does not make for diplomacy."

John leaped to his feet, "Primitive? How can you sit there and say women are primitive? You must have garnered your information from a personal acquaintance. I've certainly never met one I could refer to as being primitive. And as far as politics go, they've never really had a chance. Claire Boothe Luce was highly esteemed and I could mention others. I feel women are still subjugated, regardless of official doctrine to the contrary." With that John indignantly sat down in his cushioned swivel-chair and glared balefully at J.J.

"Now fellows," I said, "we're not discussing primeval human nature, nor any specific individual. Let's forget politics for the time being and discuss literary works. I suppose all of you are familiar with the name of Ayn Rand and her contributions, such as, 'The Fountainhead' and 'Atlas Shrugged' to mention two of her better known efforts. Jack, how do you feel she compares with say, Mitchener?"

"She doesn't, Jack stated, in his usual annoyingly, authoritative manner. "Mitchener is a true artist. His works radiate beauty, warmth and compassion. Rand deals with ideas, and is sometimes brutal and terrifying. There is no room for comparison—they are equally good but completely different."



J.J. challenged this quickly, "Now wait a moment, Jack, you're digressing from the essence of the initial question. I think what he's after is the comparable quality of the two artists. By your own acclamation you infer that men have a patent on beauty and humanitarianism. Did you ever hear of a little girl called Anne Frank?"

"You've certainly changed sides in a hurry, haven't you?" Jack accused. "One moment they're primitive and the next they're gentle as fawns. Why don't you make up your mind?" He stood up, stretched his long, gaunt frame and shook his head in annoyance before settling down again.

"Well," I said, "this kind of argument could go on indefinitely and still solve nothing, so let's attack from another angle. John, what sex do you think is better equipped to prevail over the elements, should one or the other become extinct overnight?"

"That's easy, men," he stated firmly.

"Elucidate please," interjected J.J.

"Well, men are stronger, can withstand more hardships, and generally

can take better care of themselves," complied John.

"It's true men are stronger physically," admitted J.J., "but what about emotionally? I feel that to be far more important in such a situation. Furthermore, who ever told you that men can endure hardships better than women? Are you quoting an authority or is this a personal observation?"

John was noticeably taken aback, but only momentarily. "One question at a time, I'm only a man," he replied. "First of all I'll admit I'm rather poorly equipped to argue about who's stronger emotionally, but it seems reasonable to assume that men being physically stronger than women, they can therefore overcome hardships easier."

"Not so," J.J. said, fielding a sarcastic look from Jack, "I have it on medical authority that women can endure the heat and the cold much better than men, and when physically fit can travel on foot with any man alive."

Our session came to a temporary close as the noon hour was fast approaching and we had to leave for our separate locations, with everyone promising to return at one o'clock sharp to go on from where we left off. What ultimately ensued when we resumed discussion that afternoon was to be indelibly etched in my memory at *le homme hors de combat*.

"Well fellows," I began, "there is one field of feminine fortitude that we haven't broached yet and I would like to get your views on this subject before I conclude my little investigation into women's suffrage. To begin with I feel that man's superiority over women is inherent in their make up, primarily because through childhood the household servant is always the mother and consequently it really is difficult when manhood is attained to consider a woman as his equal in the business world. However I'm taking a practical approach, and to do this we must first determine the basic weaknesses and

strengths of each sex in order to establish a firm foundation for argument pro and con. So far we've done just that and now I want opinions on the practical needs of man vs woman, should such a condition occur, as I started previously, where one or the other sex is eliminated entirely. What type of government and general living conditions would prevail were it a world entirely male?

Jack began with, "I think it's generally conceded that a man is capable of harmonious relations with his fellow man to a greater degree than would be the case if only women were involved. I think man is infinitely more patient, and in a world without women forever nagging them, they would come to terms politically and live in comparative comfort until the race died out."

John's reply was rather vague, "It's a tough question to answer. I can't imagine even wanting to live without women, but this being hypothetical, I'll say that man would live in peace only for a short time and would then fall to pieces without the normal fiber a woman instills in a man. I don't believe man could survive ten years without women."

"I have to concur," J.J. said, "of all animals, man cannot subsist without a mate."

"That's that for our side," I interposed, "Now how about a Woman's world?"

Jack and John both agreed it would be virtually the same with women as it would be for men, with the possible exception of the final scene, which they believe could occur in various manners but not in warfare and not in any appreciable time difference. It was then that J.J. concluded my survey with an eloquent appraisal of what he thought women were made of.

"I disagree completely," he began. "When this brainwashing started I

appeared to denounce women in general and women in particular with vehemence. I had a two fold purpose for doing that. Number one, John always takes odds with any opinion of mine, and in order to gather his support it was necessary to cast aspersions on the gentle sex. Secondly, I knew that by doing just that I would have Jack accusing me of being schizophrenic and maybe then he'd leave the women alone and concentrate on my apparent dual personality. Having accomplished both, I now intend to close this session by explaining why I believe that women without men could survive, while men could not possibly, under the same conditions. Isn't it an established scientific fact that man's only contribution to reproduction is the sperm? Isn't it also a matter of record that women can now bear children without ever seeing a man? It is impossible to reverse this procedure as we well know. To reproduce you must have a woman but you don't need the presence of a man. With the necessary biological research an ersatz sperm could be developed and not only survive but possibly produce a new and better strain of *Homo sapiens*. I also feel they are better equipped to endure such an existence if their present state is any criterion. They are accustomed to being alone more than men (excluding this retreat) as I'm sure most will agree. If we are to believe the old saw, "It's a woman's want to suffer," then we must also believe that they are best suited to prevail over man in a battle for survival. And if this is so, then it must make you wonder just which is superior."

That was the conclusion of my rather limited survey, but the final results did come as a surprise, never believing there existed a man of such strong convictions regarding the fairer sex, and it makes one wonder how many more there are just like him. I wonder.

My Love Lies Cold



Thomas Warburton.

I had loved her madly.

Why does one love? Why does one love? How queer it is to see only one person in the whole world, to have only one thought, in one's mind, only one desire in the heart, and only one name on the lips—a name which comes up continually, rising like the waters in a spring.

I am going to tell you our story, for love only has one, which is always the same. I met her and loved her, that is all. And for a whole year I have lived on her tenderness, on her caresses, in her arms, in her dresses, on her words, so completely wrapped up, bound, and absorbed in everything which came from her, that I no longer cared whether it was day or night, or whether, I was dead or alive on this earth of ours.



And then she died. How? I do not know. I no longer know anything. But one evening she came home wet, for it was raining heavily, and the next day she coughed, and she coughed for about a week, the doctor's came, wrote, and went away. Medicines were brought, and some women made her drink them. Her hands were hot, and her forehead was burning, and her eyes were bright and sad. When I spoke to her, she answered, everything. She died, and I very well remember her slight, feeble sigh.

They consulted me about the funeral, but I do not remember anything that they said, though I recollected the coffin, and the sound of the hammer when they nailed her down in it. Oh, God, God;

She was buried! Buried! She. In that hole!

Some people came—female friends. I made my escape and ran away. I ran, then walked through the streets, went home, and the next day started on a journey.

Yesterday I returned, and when I saw my room again—our room, our bed, our furniture, everything that remains of the life of a human being after death. I was seized by such a violent attack of fresh grief, that I felt like opening the window and throwing myself into the street. I could not remain here longer, I couldn't; I took up my hat to make my escape, and just as I reached the door, I passed the large mirror in the hall, which she had put there, so that she might look at herself everyday from head to foot as she went out, to see if her toilette looked well. Oh, the recollection: sorrowful mirror, burning mirror, horrible mirror, to make me suffer such torments.

I went out without knowing it, without wishing it, and toward the cemetery, I found her simple grave, a white marble cross, with these few words:

"She loved, was loved, and died."

She is there below, decayed How horrible. I sobbed with my forehead on the ground, and I stopped there for a long time, a long time. Then I saw it was getting dark, and a strange, mad wish, the wish of a despairing lover seized me. I wished to pass the night the last night, in weeping on her grave. But I would be seen and told to leave. How was I to mangae? I was cunning, and got up and began to roam the city of the dead. I walked, and walked. How small this city is, in comparision with

the other, the city of the living. And yet, how much more numerous the dead than the living.

At the end of the cemetery, I suddenly noticed that I was in it's oldest part, where those who had been dead a long time are mingling with the soil, where the crosses themselves are decayed, where possible newcomers will be put tomorrow.

I was alone, perfectly alone. So I crouched in a green tree and hid myself there completely amid the thick and somber branches.

When it was dark, I left my refuge and began to walk softly, slowly, through that ground full of dead people. I wandered about for a long time, but could not find her tomb again. I groped about like a blindman finding his way. I felt the stones, the crosses, the iron railings, the metal wreaths, and the wreaths of faded flowers. What a night. What a night. I could not find her again.

There was no moon. What a night. I was frightened in these shadows, in these narrow paths, between two rows of graves. Graves, graves, graves, nothing but graves. I sat down on one of them, for I could not walk any longer, my knees were so weak. I could hear my heart beat, and I heard something else as well. What, a confused nameless noise. Was the noise in my head, or beneath the mysterious earth, the earth sown with human corpses.

Suddenly, it seemed that the slab of marble that I was sitting on, was moving. Certainly it was moving, as if it were being raised. With a bound I sprang on to the neighbouring tomb, and I saw, yes, I distinctly saw the stone which I had been sitting on rise upright. Then the dead person appeared, a naked skeleton, pushing the stone back with it's bent back. I saw it quite clearly, although the night was so dark. On the cross I could read:

"Here lies Jack Horner who died at the

age of fifty-one. He loved his family, was kind and honourable, and died in the grace of the Lord."

The dead man also read what was inscribed on his tombstone; then he picked up a stone off the path, a little, pointed stone, and began to scrape the letters carefully. He slowly effaced them. Then with the tip of the bone that had been his forfinger, he wrote in letters:

"Here lies Jack Horner, who died at the age of fifty-one. He had hastened his father's death, by his unkindness, as he wished to inherit his fortune, he tortured his wife, tormented his children, deceived his neighbors, robbed everyone he could, and died wretched."

When he finished writing, the dead man stood motionless, looking at his work. On turning around I saw all the graves were opened, that all the dead bodies had emerged from them, and that all had effaced the lies inscribed on the gravestones by there relations, substituting the truth instead. They were all writing at the same time, on the threshold of there eternal abode the truth, the terrible and holy truth of which everyone was ignorant, or pretended to be ignorant, while they were alive.

I thought that she also must have written something on her tombstone, and now running without any fear among the half-open coffins, among the corpses and skeletons, I went toward her, sure that I should find her immediately. I recognized her at once, without seeing her face which was covered with the winding sheet, and on the marble cross, where shortly before I had read:

"She loved, was loved, and died."
I now saw:
"Having gone out in the rain one day, in order to deceive her lover, she caught cold and died."

It appears they found me at day-break, lying on the grave unconscious.

Dr. M. J. O'Connor

S. Anderson

Dr. Maurice J. O'Conner, fifty-three, a psychiatrist and associate director of the Stony Lodge Hospital at Ossining, New York, died August 22, 1963 after a long illness.

Dr. O'Conner was born in Gananoque, Ontario. He received his medical degree from Queen's University in 1934. During the World War he served in the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps. He was in private practice in psychiatry from 1946 to 1958 in Kingston, and left there to join the staff of the Stony Lodge Hospital.

Dr. O'Conner served as a consulting psychiatrist to the Penitentiaries Branch of the Canadian Department of Justice and to the Department of Veterans' Affairs. He was a charter member of the Canadian Psychiatrist Association and the Guild of Catholic Psychiatrist. He was also a past president of the Kingston Medical Society and a member of the American Medical and American Psychiatrist Association and the Canadian Society of New York.

To the men in Kingston Penitentiary, where he served as psychiatrist from 1948 to 1958, he was a man far above the average in humanity's degrees of fellowship. His unswerving dedication as a doctor and psychiatrist led him into the sometimes unpleasant role of prison administrator. In these two almost paradoxically opposed fields, he earned the enduring respect and admiration of all the prisoners here; the gratitude of those prisoners whom he served; a feeling as closely akin to brotherhood as was possible, from those few prisoners who came to know him well as both advisor and friend. The imprisoned here, know that the medical profession never have enough men like him and that humanity has been sparsely proved with men of his nature.

A deep feeling of genuine loss is felt by all prisoners here and their expressions of sorrow go especially to his bereaved family.

Letters

Dear Sirs:

It would be interesting to know what causes certain types of men to commit crimes and be sent to prison. After reading several issues of your magazine I never cease to be amazed at the superior quality of the writing. Obviously, you fellows are quite capable. Why is it that you can't do something along those lines when you are free. I am sure you would be successful. Perhaps you could write something along those lines in a future issue and make me understand. I am truly puzzled.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Arline Walton
Hamilton, Ont.

Editors:

Who do you creeps think you are to talk in writing like you do about people that are much better in every way than you are? Where do you think everybody would be if they thought like you do about everyone that isn't some kind of rebel or something against what is right and good for everyone concerned in the world? Have you ever stopped to think about that? I bet that you haven't or you wouldn't talk in writing the way that you do.

I will leave saying not to send me your Magazine no more and saying good riddance to you.

Martin Lucas,
Richmond Hill

Editors:

Just received *Telescope* after considerable delay. I'm glad to see you're still in business. Actually, what I'm writing about, is an article in the last issue, A Man With An Idea. I was surprised and pleased to read about Mr. Nate Hendin, a man that I know quite well.

I travel a great deal and when in Kingston I have stopped at the British American Hotel on several occasions. I didn't know that Mr. Hendin went in for the sort of thing described in the article, but it is the kind of thing I'd expect of him. Now that I have heard about that effort of his, I am only surprised that there isn't more done along those lines. I intend to speak to a few acquaintances of mine about the possibilities of making a place for an ex-prisoner. As Mr. Hendin says, a man can't work for a living unless some employer gives him a job. If I have any success I'll write and let you know. Best of luck with your magazine.

Sincerely,

Henry R. Collins,
Toronto, Ont.

The Editors:

Your September 1962 issue contained some interesting material, including Arnold Abrams' "From the Horse's Mouth," and I am writing to enquire if you could let us have a copy of this issue for inclusion in our library.

Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs) B.J. Constable, Librarian,
Addiction Research Foundation,
Toronto

Dear Sirs:

May I thank you for your introductory and complimentary issue of *Telescope*. I have the following comments:

1) I enjoyed especially the editorial, "Hang Them All".

2) On civil defense we must remember that criminals *cease* to be citizens upon conviction. Naturally we cannot abandon them to "fire" as in 1920. But we must not expect to free them all upon a nuclear attack. This is what "shelter" amounts to when we consider the hopeless inadequacy of bomb shelters.

3) On "Put To The Question" the replies in most cases seem to be given by philosophers with definite background in technical philosophy. It makes me incredulous. It would be interesting as a cross-section of the convict's view of life.

It is rewarding to see such productive things spring from prisons; and I would like to thank you again. We will consider a subscription at the beginning of the 1963-64 term in September.

Sincerely,

G. Briggs, President,
U.B.C. Philosophy Asse.,
Vancouver.

Dear Sirs:

Find enclosed one dollar for a year's subscription to *Telescope*. I just recently became aware that Kingston Penitentiary published a penal press magazine or I would have subscribed long before this. I get copies of penitentiary publications from institutions in United States and as far away as Sweden. It is not so much that I am interested in Penology as that I need to be reminded that there are other people in this world who are every bit as miserable as I.

Thank you.

Ivor Clark,
Kitchener, Ontario.

It was with surprise that just the other evening I found out that there was such a magazine as the *Telescope*. I have never given much thought to Kingston Penitentiary other than it being a place of confinement for malefactors of any and all descriptions. What a great surprise I received after reading your booklet. My impression is that there must be something to this new trend in prison reform; or am I evaluating the whole system by what I read in *Telescope*?

Enclosed please find one dollar for my first years subscription and my very best wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Peggy MacNamara

Sirs:

May I, on behalf of the Kingston Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society, express my sincere thanks and appreciation to the Kingston inmates for their cooperation in our recent Blood Donor Clinic in June.

The members of the Red Cross team always feel it a great privilege to visit your institution.

Very Sincerely,

(Mrs.) M.A. Ratez,
Executive Secretary,
Kingston Branch,
Red Cross Society.

Dear Sirs:

Just a short note of commendation from a pleased subscriber to your fine magazine. It is always interesting to read what prisoners write, and it is reassuring to see that their gripes and ideals are basically much the same as mine.

And thank you for the hobbycraft article. I'll be doing some of my Christmas shopping in K.P. this year.

With best wishes,
(Mrs.) G. Rollette,
Montreal.

Viper Vic's Downfall

"A TV Western I would Like To See"

Lloyd Gibson

THE SCENE is a dusty cow-town. On it's main (and only) street two obviously hostile gentlemen are advancing toward one another each determined to be responsible for the other's demise. Viper Vic (needless to say the villain) calmly lets a cigarette dangle from his cruel lip as he swaggers toward his opponent, one Dan Valliant, law officer of Burning Gulch. Valliant a tall raw-boned man with watchful steel grey eyes carefully scrutinizes every doorway as he advances. His talon-like fingers brush the walnut handles of twin 45's strapped around a lean waist; his Sheriff's badge on prominent display. At 50 feet Vic dots the i as the strains of "Catch a Falling Star" echo from a nearby saloon. (This is out of character with most Westerns but don't go away, Vic has yet to meet his Waterloo.)

Viper Vic to emblazon his name and reputation on all who follow the Owl-

hoot has made it a custom to expunge the local Marshal of each town as he passes through. In a matter of 4 1/2 minutes, ten towns and ten Marshals later, we find Vic resting his horse in a secluded section of hills while he strums his guitar and bellows "Buffalo Gal" to an uninterested moon. Two choruses later a disgusted coyote slinks into the underbrush. Unknown to V.V. a rider is approaching downwind.

The mysterious intruder upon hearing the sonorous aria has mistakenly deemed it to be a steer dying of snake poison and gallops onward, intent on putting it out of it's misery. As the two come face to face Vic controls an involuntary shudder and draws his gun.

"What are you?" he stammers.

"I'm 'Dead-Eye Deborah,'" she barks "and put that shootin' iron away dearie." She earned the sobriquet after vanquishing a wildeat in hand-to-hand combat.

On learning his identity Debbie cackles, "Well what do ya know? Say I've got a terrific idea, what say you and me become partners, maybe even get hitched?" With that Vic's horse immediately drops dead.

Left to fend for himself he is no match for the wily wench. He falls exhausted after crossing Wyoming and half of Montana. The final scene shows him broken and spiritless, perched in front of a cave with Debbie's incantations floating from with-in.

Fadeout.





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